For heare her but examplified by her ſelfe,
When all her chiualry hath bene in *France*
And ſhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytiffe ſhe did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praiſe
As is the owſe and bottome of the ſea
With ſunken wrack and ſhipleſſe treaſurie.
Lord. There is a ſaying very old and true,
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* firſt begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his vnfurniſh neſt the weazel Scot
Would ſuck her egs, playing the mouſe in abſence of the cat:
To ſpoyle and hauock more then ſhe can eat.
Exe. It followes then, the cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a curſt neceſſitie,
Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues:
Whilſte that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The aduiſed head controlles at home:
For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall conſent like muſicke.
Bi. True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man in diuers functions.
Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
For ſo liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:
They haue a King and officers of ſort,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like ſouldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boote vpon the ſommers veluet bud:
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperour,
Who buſied in his maieſtie, behold
The ſinging maſons building roofes of gold:

The ciuell citizens lading vp the ho
The ſad eyde Iuſtice with his ſurly h
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the
This I infer, that 20. actions once a f
May all end in one moment.
As many Arrowes loſed ſeuerall way
As many ſeuerall wayes meete in on
As many freſh ſtreames run in one ſe
As many lines cloſe in the dyall cent
So may a thouſand actions once a foo
End in one moment, and be all well b
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into fou
Of which take you one quarter into
And you withall, ſhall make all *Galli*
If we with thrice that power left at ho
Cannot defend our owne doore from
Let vs be beaten, and from hencefort
The name of pollicy and hardineſſe.
Ki. Call in the meſſenger ſent frō th
And by your ayde, the noble ſinewes
France being ours, weele bring it to o
Or breake it all in peeces:
Eyther our Chronicles ſhal with full
Freely of our acts,
Or elſe like toongleſſe mutes
Not worſhipt with a paper Epitaph:
Enter Thambaſſadors fro
Now are we well prepared to know th
For we heare your comming is from h
Ambaſſa. Pleaſeth your Maieſtie to
Freely to render what we haue in cha
Or ſhall I ſparingly ſhew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleaſure and our Emba
King. We are no tyrant, but a Chri
To whom our ſpirit is as ſubiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our pr

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